

own. It was a pretty past her comprehension, the McGregors delight in hospitality for its own sake.

All Walnut Creek save Mrs. Talbot came to the quilting early and with loving care. Every woman of them knew so well Mrs. Winfold's knack of gossip there was a distinct feeling that it was a mighty pity Mr. Topmark could not be some one else's brother for this day, if no longer. Still, leaving him out of account, there was the matter of Jack Talbot and Rob McGregor. Most unaccountably Luce Allen's tale had got bruited about, with emendations that made it well worth hearing. By this time it was upon most hands agreed that there had been a great scene. Mam Liza had denounced Jack to his face as a trifier, the old man had overheard and had hidden the young one either take the girl or leave her for good and all ways, and Jack, who had gone there every day, did not go there any more. Not unnaturally the good women—there were really very good—who sat stitching away at the latest Winfold triumph in patchwork, made up their minds as the story was told in chorus that Jack was innocent of anything beyond warm friendliness and Rob McGregors deep and desperate designs.

"I expect she counted on gittin Jack through him bein so high toned. You know all the Talbotts are awfully high toned," Mrs. Brazzleton, mother of Sophy Ann, said to her next neighbor,

Helpless Rheumatics!

Rheumatism is no respecter of persons—the healthy and vigorous are as liable to its attacks as the weak.

The symptoms of the disease are almost unnoticed at first, so insidiously do they steal over the body; gradually the little pains and stiffness increase, until they develop greater inconvenience day by day.

The knees, ankles, and other joints of the body ache constantly, swelling to several times their natural size; the patient finds himself unable to get around; is soon incapacitated for business, and later is confined to his bed, utterly helpless.

It is a great mistake to expect relief from such condition by the application of liniments and other external remedies. The medical profession admit that the disease is in the blood, and it is but reasonable that only a blood remedy, one purely vegetable, and free from opium, can afford relief. S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) is an unfailing remedy for Rheumatism, and has cured the severest cases, where other remedies failed to reach the disease.

Mr. Frank T. Reynolds, of Dalton, Ga., was a sufferer from Rheumatism since his boyhood. He writes: "Ever since I was twelve years of age I have suffered intensely with Muscular Rheumatism, which, at one time, kept me in bed for eighteen months."

I took all kinds of treatment, and visited many famous springs, but could get only temporary relief; the disease always returned, and at times was so painful that it was impossible for me to use my arms and legs. I tried almost everything that was suggested, and after eighteen years of suffering, S. S. S. was recommended, and I was happy to find, after a few days of this powerful medicine, S. S. S. seemed to get at the disease promptly, and afforded immediate relief."

The experience of Mr. E. J. Gibson, of Madison, Ga., was similar to the above. He says: "I tried almost every rheumatic remedy I heard of, but grew worse instead of better. The sharp, aching pains, peculiar to Rheumatism took possession of my entire body, and the suffering I endured was intense. I was soon unfit for business, and became as helpless as a child. The potash prescriptions of the doctors almost ruined my digestion, and I found no relief in anything until S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) was recommended. Several bottles cured me completely, and for more than four years I have not had a symptom of Rheumatism."

S. S. S. is unlike the many blood tonics on the market, for it cures the most obstinate cases, which they can not reach. It is a real blood remedy, and is the only one guaranteed

Purely Vegetable.

It cures Cancer, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Eczema, Rheumatism, Catarrh and other blood diseases, it matters not how deep-seated.

Books on blood and skin diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF SHILAWASSEE.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Shiawassee, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Corunna, on the 19th day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ludwig Straber, deceased.

The executors of the will of said deceased having petitioned for assignment of the residue of such estate, and having rendered to this court their final account.

It is ordered, that the 16th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account, and the assigning of such residue of said estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in THE TIMES, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

CASTORIA.

Is on every wrapper.

who nodded and said, measuring a length of thread:

"Yes, I do expect so. She's so bold, that Rob. I never liked her."

"She is, as you may say, flighty, but I reckon she'll get a husband, no matter what is said about her," Mrs. Brazzleton returned, with a significant glance in the direction of Mrs. Winfold.

Just then Nina called from the door: "Hush talkin, all of you. Yonder comes Rob McGregor."

The news was unwelcome. At least two-thirds of the quilting indeed felt it a distinct hardship, for with Rob visibly present they would be compelled to discuss her aside. Everybody looked at her as she came within the door. Some few faces were full of kindly pity. Without exception they were those of mothers without daughters, either childless or having only sons. One among them, Mrs. Carter, got up and kissed Rob on either cheek, saying, with a little, wistful smile:

"Come and sit here by me, honey. I want somebody who is not too industrious for a neighbor."

"Thanky, ma'am, Aunty Carter, but I can't. I am here just to say that I can't possibly come," Rob said brightly, yet clinging to the friendly hand. She was too finely strung not to feel the bridling and drawing away that had marked her entrance. It was not the first time, either. So far, secure in the strength of innocence, she had whistled down the wind such hostile demonstration, only wondering dully if its occasion was Mr. Topmark's intransigence and the merry athletic madness which possessed him. She was used to knowing people talked about her, but unused to quite the faces that greeted her today.

Yet it was sense of this hostile atmosphere which had brought her thus among them. "I will beard the Winfolds in the face of all their world," she had said, nodding to her image in the glass. "I'm not a coward, whatever other sins may lie at my door. I'll go and excuse myself, then back to the party. Jack—yes, he will be there. So will Mr. Topmark. I pine to give him one sharp snub right before Mrs. Winfold's face."

Now, while Mrs. Brazzleton and others of her kindred stared, Rob stood chatting gaily with Miss Winfold and her mother. In a little while she turned to go, saying over her shoulder:

"Look for me back at early candle-light. That's the time, isn't it, Mrs. Winfold? And, oh, ladies all, young and old, I almost forgot to tell you the great news. Lawyer Howell from Oldbridge is at the store—going to stay a week and shoot doves—and Teddy ran 50 yards up the road to tell me he would surely be up here tonight. So you will have another bean almost equal to Mr. Topmark."

"And of course you'll captivate him, as you do all the rest," Miss Winfold said, smiling amiably. Rob swept her a laughing courtesy.

"I shall do my poor best," she said. "And I have got half a new frock to wear—a white waist to go with my blue skirt—the blue that made me look always like a Pawnee Indian. Not that I ever saw a Pawnee, but I fancy they are hideous enough for anything."

"As if it mattered what you put on!" Miss Winfold murmured. Her mother tried to mask a sniff as a playful smile and succeeded very ill, and Rob, wicked clear and gay, as though she had not a care in life:

"Father an mither an' a may go mad, but while, an' I'll come to ya, my lad."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MICHIGAN CITY ELECTIONS.

Pingree's Candidate for Mayor of Detroit Is Defeated.

Detroit, April 6.—Maybury, Democrat, has been elected mayor of Detroit, defeating Stewart, the Pingree candidate, by 550 majority. Justice Long of the supreme court is re-elected by 40,000 plurality.

One of the fiercest local political battles ever fought at Sault Ste. Marie resulted in a sweeping Republican victory. There were three tickets in the field—Republican, Citizens' party and Prohibitionists. The Republicans elected William Webster mayor and every man on their ticket, but one alderman. The Republican state ticket, justices of the supreme court and regents of the university were elected by handsome majorities, which will be swelled from country points. The Republicans elected their mayor at Menominee and at Marquette the Citizens' ticket, headed by J. E. Sherman, is victorious. Ishpeming goes Republican and also Bessemer. R. P. Mason, Rep., is elected mayor of Gladstone by about 50 majority. Iron Mountain gives Judge Long 400 majority. J. M. Clifford, Citizens' candidate for mayor, has 279 majority. At Negaunee the contest was close and exciting, the Labor ticket winning by small majority.

The use of the Abbot voting machine in Lansing enabled the public to receive the returns early. The Republicans elect: Mayor, C. J. Davis; treasurer, N. C. Hedges; assessor, F. I. Moore. The Democrats elected the city clerk, John Bohnet. Each party elected three aldermen. The silver men of Battle Creek elected Dr. Metcalf mayor. Petoskey was carried by Republicans. At St. Joseph the silver city ticket, with the exception of treasurer, is elected by 37 votes. For the first time in several years Bay City went Republican, giving the state ticket 300 majority and electing the Republican city ticket. Bay county gives the Republican state ticket 600 to 800 majority. F. W. Richter, Dem., is re-elected mayor at Niles. Silverites carried Jackson, electing their mayor and the city clerk. At Grand Rapids the city ticket is divided, the Democrats gaining five aldermen, which gives them control of the common council.

Naval Militia for Three States.

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 3.—The navy department at Washington proposes to organize a joint camp of instruction for navy militia for Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. This will bring together a force of from 1,500 to 2,000, and will permit of instruction which cannot be given to small bodies of men. The governors of the three states have been notified by Secretary Long, and instructed to arrange a satisfactory date.

OUR CHURCH FAIR.

"Dear me!" observed Mrs. Ferret, with a friendly grin as she settled herself comfortably in a rocker on her neighbor's stoop. "Now, I'd just about die o' loneliness if I didn't hev you to come an visit with every one in awhile. You're the only neighbor within hollerin distance o' my house, an I can cawl to your Jimmy if I want him to run o' an errand down to the grocery store, or I can peek out o' my kitchen window an see you settin here with the baby or doin your chores around the yard. An I can hear you real plain talkin to Jimmy an—"

"Talkin to him!" echoed Mrs. Sharp, with indignant wrath. "Yellin at him, you mean, enough to wake the dead an a disgrace to the neighborhood, that's what it is, the way that child carries on. It's his father's fault, a hum-crin him in everything. I followed him all around the yard this mornin with a bean pole, but I might as well hev tried to catch a firebug as that young one. Well," concluded Mrs. Sharp, with a sigh of suffering and defeated motherhood, "he's 5 year old, an this winter sees him a-go in school or my name ain't what it is, an I'll never say nothin to any teacher as gives him a lickin. He's fairly achin for one, an if it warn't for his father's a-interferin the rod wouldn't be spared an the chile wouldn't be spoiled. He's the aggravatinest young one I ever did see."

"He had a good time at the fair last night," snickered Mrs. Ferret, looking the strings of her gingham sunbonnet, which she drew off her head and waved back and forth in front of her face. "Pheew, ain't it hot? Our church fair's always on the very hottest days in the year. That's 'cause o' the ice cream. They sell a lot o' that on hot nights. How did you make out last night? I didn't hardly hev a chance to speak with you, there was such jam, an I was helpin 'em at the cake table. What time did you get around? Was you there when the band begun to play?"

"I got there just as they was playin 'Sweet March.' Johnny Wilson toots on the cornet real good. I might hev been there at the start," sighed Mrs. Sharp, "but, laws, it were 7 o'clock afore I got through with the supper things. Jim's always late gettin home from the shop if I want to go anywhere, an Lord knows 'tain't often I do. Of course there was the children an myself to clean after that. I put on my new shawl dress, the white one with the black beetles on to it. I only paid three an a half cents a yard for it down to Adamsees when they was sellin off a job lot. It made up real nice, an to see me in it you wouldn't think I weighed 200 pounds. An I put on my sailor hat, with the blue band around it. When I got through, I was pretty near roasted, I tell you, an my face was as red as a panny. So I took the children an went along. The baby behaved pretty good, but Jimmy—just as he doesn't know how to make noise enough to take your head off—his pa goes an buys him a whistle at the Jack-in-the-box, an he kept up such a screechin with it that I couldn't hear myself think, so I tuk it away from him an put it in my pocket. It's there yet."

"How did you like the way the tables was fixed?" inquired Mrs. Ferret.

"Oh, I didn't think much o' 'em!" sniffed Mrs. Sharp. "I could hev fixed 'em better myself. They didn't look tasty a bit, an things was so dear you couldn't buy anything. I warn't goin to pay double for things I could make home easy enough—iron holders an that. So we went an hed some ice cream. It was awful bad—the taste of it's in my mouth yet. An they charged 15 cents a plate for it an never so much as give us a crumb o' cake with it. Cake was 5 cents extra."

Here Mrs. Ferret gave a long chuckle before she said:

"They was awful mad at the cake table. Mrs. Adams hed charge o' it. You know the cakes was all do-nated, an some was sent to the cake table to be sold an some was give to the supper table to eat with their cawfee an that. Well, there warn't enough to go round at the supper afore it was half through. An one o' the cakes was made o' ham fat! Oh, just as true as you live, an everybody knowed where it come from too! Well, they was hoppin mad! I give 'em two pounds o' cawfee. But, to make a long story short, some o' the supper committee come to us an wanted to take the cakes off our table. An Mrs. Adams—you know how spunky she is—she told 'em right up an down they shouldn't hev 'em an I don't blame her. Said she had trouble enough goin around beggin 'em for her own table, an they'd oughter done the same for theirs. So they begged her an said they was short, an folks was askin for it at their supper. An she said she hed nothin to do with the supper excep' to eat hers an pay her quarter for it when she got through an told 'em it was their business to see after their own table, an if they wanted her cakes they'd got to buy 'em, for all that warn't sold was goin to be auctioned off. An I never hed the beat o' the compliments as passed between 'em. I guess Mrs. Adams was kind o' riled anyway, for just afore it was time for the fair to begin, an everybody was hustlin around to get things straight, them two girls at the flower stand kep' goin from one table to another astin for cord to tie up their bowkays, an scissors to cut 'em with, an vases to put 'em in, an they litvred the floor all over with their leavin's, an then ast Mrs. Adams for a broom to sweep up with. She spoke up pretty sharp an told 'em them things didn't grow in the basement o' a church, an they hed no business to undertake a thing if they expected other folks to wait on them, an she just give it to 'em good, but one o' them was her own daughter, so she hed a chance to speak her mind."

Mrs. Ferret fanned herself vigorously with her sunbonnet and paused, not for want of a subject, but for want of breath. Mrs. Sharp was listening intently, with a broad smile of encouragement; so, after shooting away a big blue-bottle fly, Mrs. Ferret resumed:

"An the lemonade girls—Rebecca as the well, they called themselves! They hed one o' these big butter crocks on a low stand for the well, with a big chunk o' ice in it, an a tin dipper to dish out the lemonade with, an a tray with about a dozen o' tumbler on to it all turned upside down. They squeezed the lemons home an brought the juice in fruit cans, an every now an then they'd pour a little juice into the well, with some more water an sugar. An it was the poorest stuff I ever tasted. They hed the well fixed up with evergreen an a goldenrod. An there was big branches o' the greens tied to the legs o' the table, an they stuck out so folks was trippin over 'em an could hardly get by."

"I wonder if they made out good at the Jack-in-the-box," observed Mrs. Sharp.

"Them girls in the Jack-in-the-box," said Mrs. Ferret emphatically, "hed about ten fellas a-helpin 'em, an such carryin's on you never see! O' course folks wasn't waited on properly an did not like what they got, although it was writ up, 'Take what comes an no change.' So that's the way it went. But you should hev seen your Jimmy! He never took his eyes off that Jack-in-the-box from the minit he fust come in. I seen him, for he was stannin just along my end o' the cake table. He stood up ag'in the wall with his two hands in his pants pockets an his mouth wide open, just where he could peek through an see all the parcels as they was rolled up. An you know they run short o' things. So when they was all give out there stood Jimmy, with his two eyes as big as saucers. An I heard him say to Georgie Adams, 'I seen every durned thing in there!' It sounded awful cute," wound up Mrs. Ferret. "I hed to laugh."

"Who washed the dishes?" inquired Mrs. Sharp.

"Oh, don't ask me!" replied Mrs. Ferret, laughing despairingly. "Anybody they could get, I expect. It was touch an go with 'em from first to last. They was all that cranky an flustered all the time. There was no hot water an nobody to see to the fire, an somebody took the teakettle that was full o' cawfee an hed poured half o' it into her dishpan afore she seen what it was, for it was dark, an there warn't enough lamps, an nobody's business to get any, an, oh, laws, what a rattlin time they did hev to be sure! I don't know how they made out with the ice cream, but the supper didn't amount to as much as they expected. You see how it is. All the workers was grabin for themselves an skinnin everybody they could for their own credit, an they all want to do everything but the dirty work, an they won't spend a dollar to hev a couple o' wimmin to attend to the fire an wash the dishes, for the boiler has to be kep' full an the tea an cawfee hot. Miss Saunders, she undertook to make the cawfee. So she tied up five pound o' cawfee in a meal bag an put it to soak in the wash boiler full o' cold water an set it over on the stove to come to a scald. An it tasted o' the bag," sniffed Mrs. Ferret contemptuously.

"But, laws," continued she loftily, "they don't do nothin right in the start! There's no head an no management. Now, would you believe it, there was no tongue at the supper, except what was vaggin, an when it was asked for everybody thought somebody else was to hev brought it, an they didn't, so what was everybody's business was nobody's business, an that's how it was!" concluded Mrs. Ferret scornfully.

"They hed some quite nice things at the fancy table," remarked Mrs. Sharp, "but they was too dear. There was one tidy there I would hev bought, though—the only reasonable thing I saw. It was made o' white crape, hand painted—just elegant! There was a bough, with apple blossoms an two little birds settin on to it close beside each other as lovin as you please an lookin down kind o' scornful like at another bird what was settin all its lone on to the lower branch an eyin them awful jealous, an nerit, right along under the two top ones, was 'Two's company,' and underneath the bottom one, 'Three's a crowd.' Oh, it was just too cute for anything! And when I ask for it they said it was sold. Just my luck! I was awful disappointed." And Mrs. Sharp heaved an ample and regretful sigh.

"Sally Simper an Mamie Startup hed the fancy table," said Mrs. Ferret. "An between you an me I don't think them two girls knows beans. You know the cake table was alongside of their table, so I could see an hear considerable o' what was goin on. I was at that end too. Of course their table was decorated, an themselves as much as they knowed how. They hed made a lot o' pink paper roses an stuck 'em in letters on a piece o' white paper muslin stretched across the top o' the poles over the table, an this was the letterin was: 'Come an buy. We'll sell you cheap.'"

"I could see the folks laughin," laughed Mrs. Ferret, "when they looked up, but I didn't know what it was at till a bunch o' young men came along, an Sally, she jumps up an begins to pin up somethin an talk to Mamie at a great rate an smirkin an pretendin she didn't know they was there. 'Come along,' says one o' the fellas, 'an I'll introduce you.' 'I don't want to be sold cheap,' says the fellow, grinnin an lookin up at the pink roses. Then they all laughed, while the other one pulled him along by the sleeve an says: 'Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Cad. Young ladies, Mr. Cad; Miss Simper, Mr. Cad, Miss Startup.' An Sally an Mamie both stood up as stiff as sawdust dolls an made up a bow, with their eyes on the ground all the time, an says very prim, 'Mister Cad, happy to meet you!' An he holds his hat right in front o' his shirt buzzan an bends himself for all the world like a barber's pole an says as solemn as an undertaker cyin a corpse, 'Miss Simper, Miss Startup, happy to meet you.'"

"It was for all the world like play actin. I never seen such manners. An then they all began gigglin an foolin at talkin the silliest stuff—enough to make anybody sick. An that Cad fellow wanted to be jokey. So what does he do but takes up a Bible that was for sale an opens it at the first page o' the Psalms an reads out loud, 'The plaster of David.' And Mrs. Ferret looked the very picture of disgust as she slowly rocked herself back and forth.

"I think it's a great shame," said Mrs. Sharp, with an aggrieved air, "that they didn't hev benches for people to set down on. I know lots o' people would hev staid longer if they'd hed anywhere to set. I got a seat on a soap box an held on to it as long as I could. The baby was that heavy I couldn't keep luggin him around all the evenin. I was settin near to where they dishd out the ice cream, an there was a gang o' boys stood there watchin them real greedy, an every time their backs was turned they dipped their hands right into the freezer an et all the cream they wanted to, an there was all colors o' 'em. Did you ever hear tell the equal o' that?"

"They're dreadful, an no mistake," assented Mrs. Ferret, "an I ain't sorry the whole thing's over an done with. I went over this mornin to help them clean up. I took my own broom an a basket for my dishes that I loaned them. It was a dirty job, I tell you—banana skins, an peanut shells, an orange peels, an bits o' cake, scattered all over an trod into the floor. We sweep up, but they're to hev a couple o' women there this afternoon to scrub. I draw the line at that. My piety hain't gone that far yet. An I'm real glad we're through with it. I don't know what's in a church fair that stirs everybody's bile up so. Religion an fightin seems to go together. Neighbors that live peaceably all the rest o' the year are at loggerheads just as soon as it comes on fair time. I don't know whether I'll go to church tomorrow or not. The new minister hollers so he gives me a pain in my spine. The last one whispered so you couldn't hear him, an this one's so bossy—everything's thus an so with him. But then there's always somethin the matter with them. So it might as well be one thing as another," concluded Mrs. Ferret, with a sigh of pious resignation as she rose from her chair and tied on her sunbonnet. "Well, goodby," she added as she ambled sidewise down the stoop steps. "Come an see me."

"I will," replied Mrs. Sharp, "an I'm real glad you came over. Come again."

"I will," answered Mrs. Ferret, "an you come an see me. Goodby!"

"Goodby!"—M. C. McNeill in Collier's Weekly.

Increases the Scale of Wages.

Ironwood, Mich., April 3.—The Metropolitan Iron and Land company has announced an increase in the wage scale in the mines in this city of 10 per cent. This increase will effect every miner working in the Norrie and East Norrie mines, about 1,000 men in all, and means an increase of from 15 to 25 cents per day. They have also announced that the forces at the East Norrie and Pabst mines will be increased next week by the addition of 300 men.

WOMEN HURT IN A COLLISION.

Two Buggies at Iron Mountain, Mich., Come Together.

Iron Mountain, Mich., April 2.—Two buggies collided on Stephenson avenue here by which two women were seriously injured. Mrs. Sarah featured a leg at the ankle, breaking and splitting the bones which protruded through the flesh. Her side was also injured and her head and face cut. Mrs. Jane Pas was so badly hurt, that for a time her life was despaired of. One ear was completely cut off except a shred of the lobe, and a part of it was found next morning. Beside, a deep gash was cut in her head and her back and chest badly bruised. These women suffered bruises, but were not seriously hurt.

Haunted!

The human tenements is often haunted--to the grievous discomfort of its possessors--by those malignant spirits, constipation and biliousness. But the abominable pair may be speedily driven out with the potent help of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This genial alternative, while it relieves the bowels and regulates the liver, never, as a drastic purgative dose, produces violent effects and weakens the intestines. On the contrary, the action of the Bitters is precisely analogous to an effort of nature seeking to resume her proper functions. This furnishes pretty conclusive evidence that it is better to use persuasive means, so to speak, than to endeavor to coerce nature to a return duty. Violent remedies produce only a temporary effect, followed by a hurtful reaction. For indigestion, malarial and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness, the Bitters take highest rank among remedies of the philosophic school.

Fine for Being Too Industrious.

Detroit, April 7.—The typographical union has decided to fine all members who work more than six days a week one day's work for each violation. The union will try to have all proofreaders chosen from its active list.

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"I think it's a great shame," said Mrs. Sharp, with an aggrieved air, "that they didn't hev benches for people to set down on. I know lots o' people would hev staid longer if they'd hed anywhere to set. I got a seat on a soap box an held on to it as long as I could. The baby was that heavy I couldn't keep luggin him around all the evenin. I was settin near to where they dishd out the ice cream, an there was a gang o' boys stood there watchin them real greedy, an every time their backs was turned they dipped their hands right into the freezer an et all the cream they wanted to, an there was all colors o' 'em. Did you ever hear tell the equal o' that?"

"They're dreadful, an no mistake," assented Mrs. Ferret, "an I ain't sorry the whole thing's over an done with. I went over this mornin to help them clean up. I took my own broom an a basket for my dishes that I loaned them. It was a dirty job, I tell you—banana skins, an peanut shells, an orange peels, an bits o' cake, scattered all over an trod into the floor. We sweep up, but they're to hev a couple o' women there this afternoon to scrub. I draw the line at that. My piety hain't gone that far yet. An I'm real glad we're through with it. I don't know what's in a church fair that stirs everybody's bile up so. Religion an fightin seems to go together. Neighbors that live peaceably all the rest o' the year are at loggerheads just as soon as it comes on fair time. I don't know whether I'll go to church tomorrow or not. The new minister hollers so he gives me a pain in my spine. The last one whispered so you couldn't hear him, an this one's so bossy—everything's thus an so with him. But then there's always somethin the matter with them. So it might as well be one thing as another," concluded Mrs. Ferret, with a sigh of pious resignation as she rose from her chair and tied on her sunbonnet. "Well, goodby," she added as she ambled sidewise down the stoop steps. "Come an see me."

"I will," replied Mrs. Sharp, "an I'm real glad you came over. Come again."

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Increases the Scale of Wages.

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WOMEN HURT IN A COLLISION.

Two Buggies at Iron Mountain, Mich., Come Together.

Iron Mountain, Mich., April 2.—Two buggies collided on Stephenson avenue here by which two women were seriously injured. Mrs. Sarah featured a leg at the ankle, breaking and splitting the bones which protruded through the flesh. Her side was also injured and her head and face cut. Mrs. Jane Pas was so badly hurt, that for a time her life was despaired of. One ear was completely cut off except a shred of the lobe, and a part of it was found next morning. Beside, a deep gash was cut in her head and her back and chest badly bruised. These women suffered bruises, but were not seriously hurt.

Haunted!

The human tenements is often haunted--to the grievous discomfort of its possessors--by those malignant spirits, constipation and biliousness. But the abominable pair may be speedily driven out with the potent help of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This genial alternative, while it relieves the bowels and regulates the liver, never, as a drastic purgative dose, produces violent effects and weakens the intestines. On the contrary, the action of the Bitters is precisely analogous to an effort of nature seeking to resume her proper functions. This furnishes pretty conclusive evidence that it is better to use persuasive means, so to speak, than to endeavor to coerce nature to a return duty. Violent remedies produce only a temporary effect, followed by a hurtful reaction. For indigestion, malarial and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness, the Bitters take highest rank among remedies of the philosophic school.

Fine for Being Too Industrious.

Detroit, April 7.—The typographical union has decided to fine all members who work more than six days a week one day's work for each violation. The union will try to have all proofreaders chosen from its active list.

"I could see the folks laughin," laughed Mrs. Ferret, "when they looked up, but I didn't know what it was at till a bunch o' young men came along, an Sally, she jumps up an begins to pin up somethin an talk to Mamie at a great rate an smirkin an pretendin she didn't know they was there. 'Come along,' says one o' the fellas, 'an I'll introduce you.' 'I don't want to be sold cheap,' says the fellow, grinnin an lookin up at the pink roses. Then they all laughed, while the other one pulled him along by the sleeve an says: 'Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Cad. Young ladies, Mr. Cad; Miss Simper, Mr. Cad, Miss Startup.' An Sally an Mamie both stood up as stiff as sawdust dolls an made up a bow, with their eyes on the ground all the time, an says very prim, 'Mister Cad, happy to meet you!' An he holds his hat right in front o' his shirt buzzan an bends himself for all the world like a barber's pole an says as solemn as an undertaker cyin a corpse, 'Miss Simper, Miss Startup, happy to meet you.'"

"It was for all the world like play actin. I never seen such manners. An then they all began gigglin an foolin at talkin the silliest stuff—enough to make anybody sick. An that Cad fellow wanted to be jokey. So what does he do but takes up a Bible that was for sale an opens it at the first page o' the Psalms an reads out loud, 'The plaster of David.' And Mrs. Ferret looked the very picture of disgust as she slowly rocked herself back and forth.

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